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Memorial and Peace Day



Illinois 1919



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MEMORIAL DAY

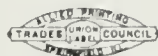
May Thirtieth
1919

CIRCULAR NO. 136



Compiled by
H. T. SWIFT
Department of Publicity

Under the Direction of
FRANCIS G. BLAIR
Superintendent of Public Instruction



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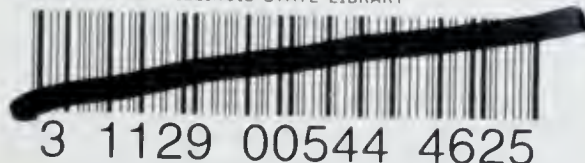
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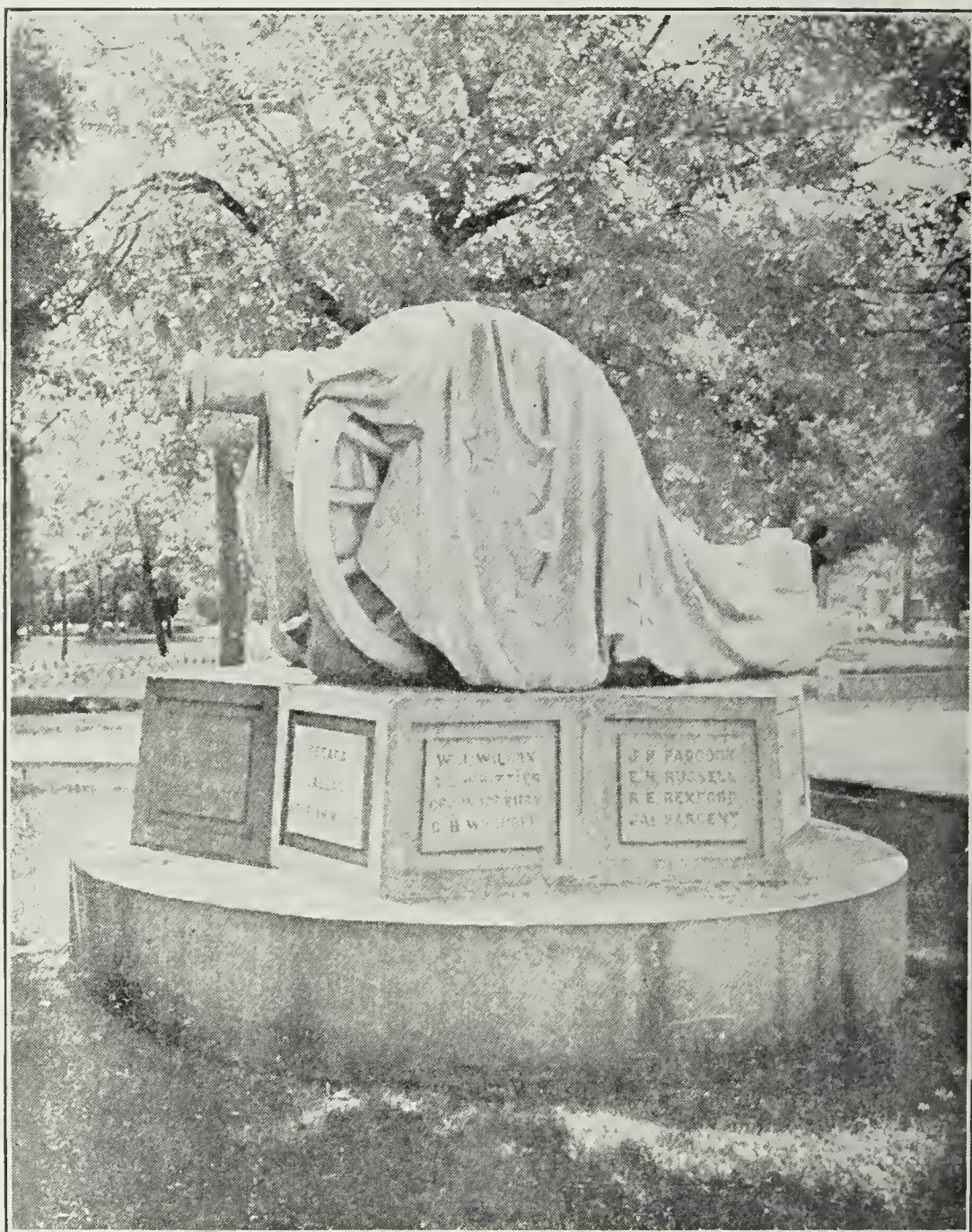
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"Let us have peace."
—Gen. U. S. Grant.

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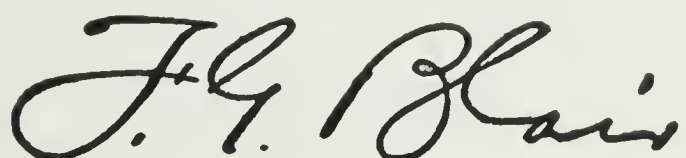
THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY.

To Teachers and Pupils:

Decoration Day, originally established for the Northern States, has become and is one of our most sacred national holidays. With all the old bitterness between the North and South removed, we shall continue to observe Memorial Day for our own sakes as well as for the memories of those brave men who fought and died in that great national struggle. But this world war of which we were a part has extended our visions, our sympathies and our obligations. The graves of our own dead and of those of our allies encircle the earth. Reaching under the seas and across the continents, these noble dead will bind together the hearts of all the living. Over these uncounted millions of graves the peoples of alien tongues will speak to each other in the universal language of flowers and tears. A world day for all the people to join together in honoring the memories of all the dead will promote as no other one event the feeling of kinship and brotherhood among the peoples of the earth. An international Decoration Day may well become the real heart of a league of nations. If we keep faith with our common dead we can hardly fail to keep faith with each other.

But let us not confine our deeds and words of love to one day in the year or to those alone who are dead. Let us daily in thought and act strengthen the bonds that drew us together in this great cause. Let us show our respect for the dead through our respect for the living. Flowers carried by children's hands on any day in the year to the living mothers are as fine a tribute to the dead sons as those laid upon their graves on Memorial Day. Let us keep alive the memory of the dead soldier by kindly words and deeds to his living wife and children. Moreover, every day should be a Memorial Day for us to show our respect for those men who came back from the war with their bodies torn and broken. In so far as we may become eyes for these blind and ears for these deaf and hands and feet for these crippled soldiers, we shall honor and exalt their heroic deeds and sacrifices. Let us all so celebrate this great international Decoration Day as to keep alive the memory of the heroic deeds of those who died for us, to strengthen the bonds of comradeship and love between the peoples of all the nations begotten by our common sacrifices, and to wipe out all the bitterness and hatred engendered by it.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. G. Blair". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent "J" and "B".

Superintendent.

THE CHOICE.

[RUDYARD KIPLING.]

The American Spirit Speaks:
To the Judge of Right and Wrong
With Whom fulfillment lies,
Our purpose and our power belong,
Our faith and sacrifice.

Let Freedom's land rejoice!
Our ancient bonds are riven;
Once more to us the eternal choice
Of good or ill is given.

Not at a little cost,
Hardly by prayer or tears,
Shall we recover the road we lost
In the drugged and doubting years.

But after the fires and the wrath,
But after searching and pain,
His Mercy opens us a path
To live with ourselves again.

In the Gates of Death rejoice!
We see and hold the good—
Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice
For Freedom's brotherhood.

Then praise the Lord Most High,
Whose strength has saved us whole,
Who bade us choose that the Flesh shall die,
And not the living Soul!

THE DEBT.

[THEODOSIA GARRISON.]

For the youth they gave and the blood they gave,
For the strength that was our stay,
For every marked or nameless grave
On the steel-torn Flanders way—
We who are whole of body and soul
We have a debt to pay.

* * * *

For the youth they gave and the blood they gave,
We must render back the due;
For every marked or nameless grave
We must pay with a service true;
Till the scales stand straight with even weight,
And the world is a world made new,

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIER.

A monument for the Soldier!
 And what will ye build it of?
 Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,
 Outlasting the Soldier's love?
 Can ye glorify it with legends
 As grand as their blood hath writ
 From the inmost shrine of this land of thine
 To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it
 Out of our hopes made sure,
 And out of our purest prayers and tears
 And out of our faith secure;
 We would build it out of the great white truths
 Their death hath sanctified,
 And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
 And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures
 Can the sculptor carve in stone?
 Can the marble breast be made to bleed,
 And the marble lips to moan?
 Can the marble brow be fevered?
 And the marble eyes be graved
 To look their last, as the flag floats past,
 On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures
 Shall all be fair and brave,
 And, as befitting, as pure and white
 As the stars above their grave!
 The marble lips, and breast, and brow
 Whereon the laurel lies,
 Bequeath us right to guard the flight
 Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!
 Built of a people's love,
 And blazoned and decked and panoplied
 With the hearts ye built it of!
 And see that ye build is stately,
 In pillar and niche and gate,
 And high in pose as the souls of those
 It would commemorate!

—From "*Green Fields and Running Brooks.*" Copyright, 1892, James Whitcomb Riley. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE WORLD'S JUBILEE

[By JOHN F. HOWARD.]

See great morning rise o'er darkness
 And the world emerge in light;
 Hues divine transfigure heaven
 With the disappearing night.
 Hear the joyous bugles sounding
 In the transport of return,
 And behold war-worn Old Glory—
 How her stars of freedom burn!

Coming home, elated millions
 View the scenes they loved of yore;
 Eyes with tears of joy suffusing,
 Meet the eyes that they adore.
 Hearts of children wildly throbbing,
 Old Age with emotion dumb;
 Let Earth ring with halleluiahs—
 Victory and peace have come!

Brightly shines the sun in heaven
 O'er the triumph of the world,
 And the baleful orb of ruin
 From the sky of life is hurled—
 Tyranny slinks into darkness
 And the day of God doth dawn—
 Hail, ye heroes of all nations,
 And great Freedom's flags wave on!

History will write your glory
 On the deathless scroll of time,
 And reverberating music
 Roll in harmony sublime!
 Welcome home, triumphant legions,
 Earth beholds you all with pride;
 Cheers for you, and tears for millions
 Who for Liberty have died!

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Lord Charnwood at dedication of Lincoln Statue. From left to right: Lord Charnwood, Miss Florence Lowden, Secretary of Navy Daniels, and Gov. Lowden.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

[ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.]

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue
 And the lilies we twined for the gray,
 We have bound in a wreath,
 And in silence beneath
 Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new-turned sod
 The sons of our fathers stand,
 And the fierce old fight
 Slips out of sight
 In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
 That the new has washed away,
 And the sons of those
 That have faced as foes
 Are marching together today.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
 Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
 And the flow of red,
 And the tears they shed,
 Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
 And the lilies we twined for the gray,
 We have bound in a wreath,
 And in glory beneath
 Slumber our heroes today.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Four hundred thousand men,
 The brave, the good, the true,
 In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
 On battle plain, in prison pen,
 Lie dead for me and you!
 Four hundred thousand of the brave
 Have made our ransomed soil their grave
 For me and you!
 Good friend, for me and you.

THE GRAVES OF OUR DEAD.

[By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.]

As we cover the graves of the heroic dead with flowers, the past rises before us like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them apart from those they love.

We see them as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns, and across the prairies, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We see them pierced with balls and torn with shells, in the trenches by the forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news reaches us that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

These heroes are dead. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless place of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers, living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

LAUREL AND CYPRESS.

[J. NAPIER MILNE.]

I watched him swinging down the street,
The fairest lad in all the line;
His kilt and khaki braw and neat—
My first-born—mine!

He sleeps beneath the blood-red sod—
A letter from the king to say:
“Fallen in Honor’s Cause” . . . Thank God!
But ay! But ay! —*The Bookman.*



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"The Americans Come." Streams of Americans in olive drab pouring into the St. Mihiel salient, pressing the German retreat; the famous Montsec, the formidable fortified hill, which fell into the Americans' hands in the course of the first day's assault, is seen in the distance. The soldiers in the foreground are machine gunners; their column is crossing the route of a supply train.



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American soldiers grendading the enemy's trench.

THE MARCH.

[J. C. SQUIRE.]

I heard a voice that cried, "Make way for those who died!"
And all the colored crowd like ghosts at morning fled;
And down the waiting road, rank after rank there strode,
In mute and measured march a hundred thousand dead.

A hundred thousand dead, with firm and noiseless tread,
All shadowy-gray yet solid, with faces gray and ghast,
And by the house they went, and all their brows were bent
Straight forward; and they passed, and passed, and passed, and passed.

And O there came a place, and O there came a face,
That clenched my heart to see it, and sudden turned my way;
And in the face that turned I saw two eyes that burned,
Never-forgotten eyes, and they had things to say.

Like desolate stars they shone one moment, and were gone,
And I sank down and put my arms across my head,
And felt them moving past, nor looked to see the last,
In steady silent march, our hundred thousand dead.

—*The New Statesman.*

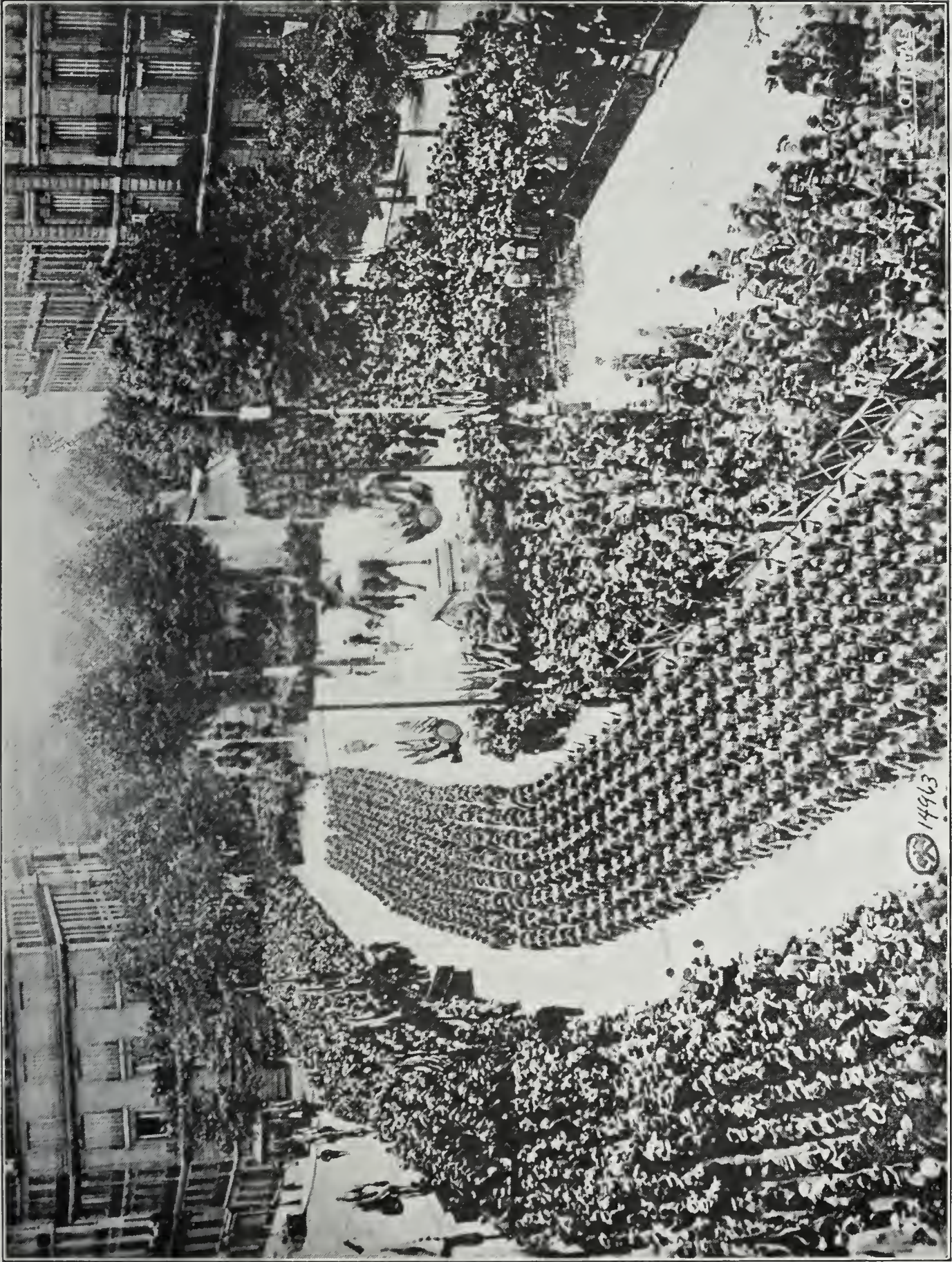
Lincoln—the grandest figure yet on all the crowded canvas of the
nineteenth century.—Walt Whitman.

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS.

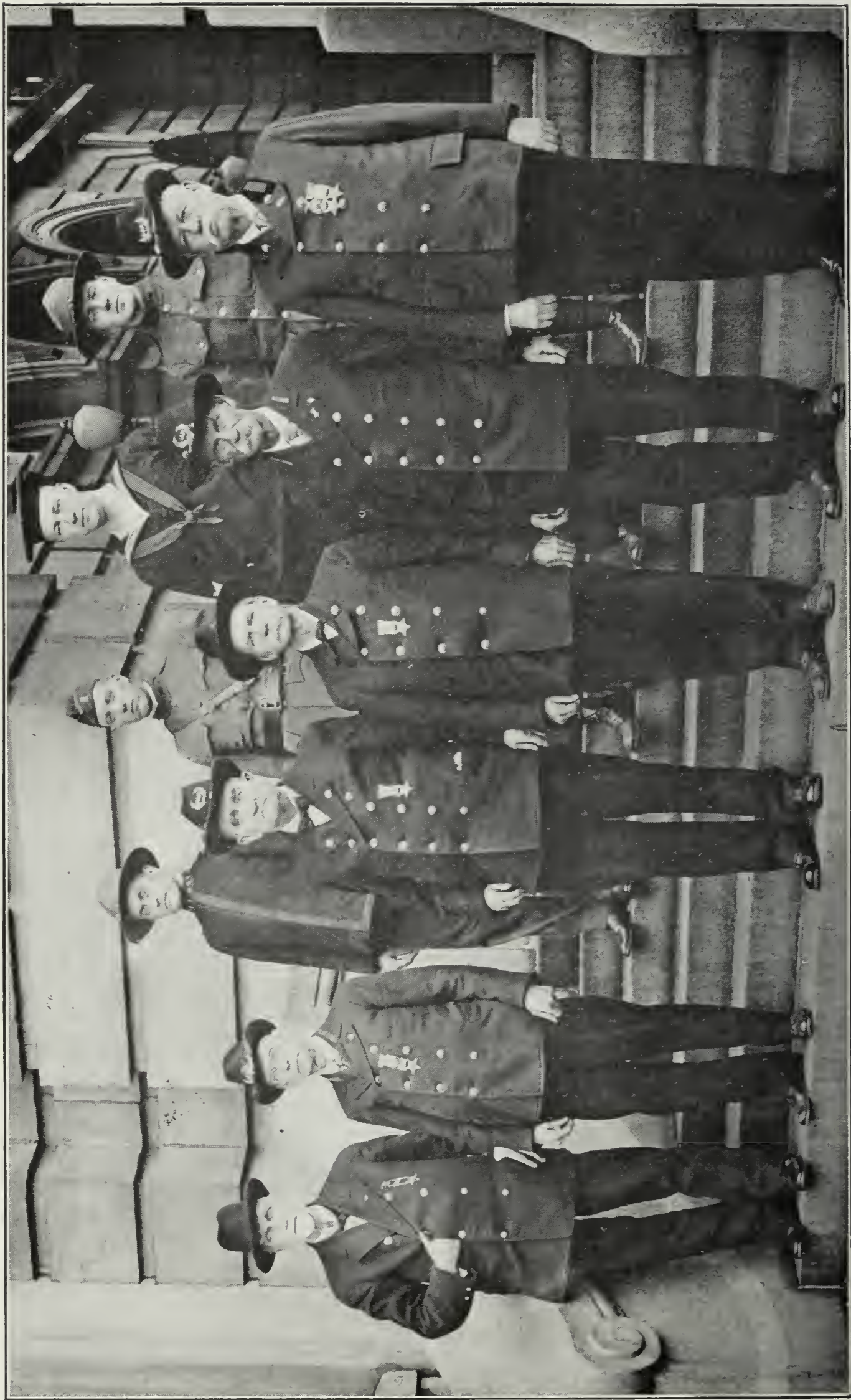
[COL. JOHN McCRAE.]

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.



"Lafayette, we are here." Soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces passing in review at the ceremonies in Paris attending the naming of a street after President Wilson, July 4, 1918.



Upper group World War soldiers, left to right: Thos. D. Irwin, in Spanish-American War officer's uniform; John G. Ruekel, 2d Lieutenant, 55th U. S. Inf.; Arthur Luers, Quartermaster, U. S. Navy; H. B. Davidson, Jr., Medical Detachment, F. A., Central Officers Training School, Camp Taylor.

Lower group Civil War soldiers, left to right: E. R. Lewis, Edw. P. Bartlett, W. F. McCoy, Henry B. Davidson, Richard H. Corson, John B. Inman. (See other picture for service of the Grand Army of the Republic Comrades.)



Names and service of the six Civil War Veterans photographed in Memorial Hall. From left to right: W. F. McCoy, Co. A, 33d Indiana Vol. Inf.; E. R. Lewis, Co. F, 8th Ill. Vol. Cav.; Edward P. Bartlett, Captain, Co. A, 17th Ill. Vol. Cav.; Henry B. Davidson, Co. G, 12th Ill. Vol. Cav.; Richard H. Corson, Co. D, 26th Ill. Vol. Inf.; John B. Inman, Drummer, Co. E, 1st Minnesota H. A., Civil War—Captain, 7th Co. U. S. Vol. Signal Corps (Illinois Signal Corps), war with Spain. The flags in the background in the case in Memorial Hall in the Capitol at Springfield, are the 100th to 105th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Civil War.



“Outpost Duty.” American outposts in the Hecken Sector of Alsace, watching for the enemy; one is armed with a rifle grenade and one with a Chauchat machine gun; members of Company A, 126th Regiment, Infantry, 32d Division.

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A LULLABY.

[G. R. GLASGOW.]

Because some men in khaki coats
 Are marching out to war,
 Beneath a torn old flag that floats
 As proudly as before;
 Because they will not stop or stay,
 But march with eager tread,
 A little baby far away
 Sleeps safely in her bed.

Because some grim, gray sentinels
 Stand always silently,
 Where each dull shadow falls and swells,
 Upon a restless sea;
 Because their lonely watch they keep,
 With keen and wakeful eyes,
 A little child may safely sleep
 Until the sun shall rise

Because some swift and shadowy things
 Hold patient guard on high,
 Like birds or sails or shielding wings
 Against a stormy sky;
 Because a strange light spreads and sweeps
 Across a darkened way,
 A little baby softly sleeps
 Until the dawn of day.

—*Chamber's Journal*

ALL'S WELL!

Watchman, watchman, what of the night,
 What of the night to tell?
 There are widows weeping, and babes affright,
 And a ceaseless burial bell.
 But the hand that holds the gun,
 Still shakes not;
 And the line drops one by one,
 Yet breaks not.
 Of the blood so nobly poured
 There shall surely be reward.
 In the name of the Lord—
 All's Well!



The Christ of the Andes.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

[By EDWIN MARKHAM]

After volcanoes hushed with snows,
Up where the wide-winged condor goes,
Great Aconcagua, hushed and high,
Sends down the ancient peace of the sky.

So, poised in clean Andean air,
Where bleak with cliffs the grim peaks stare,
Christ, reaching out His sacred hands,
Sheds His brave peace upon the lands.

There once of old wild battles roared
And brother-blood was on the sword;
Now all the fields are rich with grain
And only roses redden the plain.

Torn were the peoples with feuds and hates—
 Fear on the mountain-walls, death at the gates;
 Then through the clamor of arms was heard
 A whisper of the Master's word.

"Fling down your swords; be friends again;
 Ye are not wolf-packs; ye are men.
 Let brother-counsel be the Law;
 Not serpent-fang, not tiger claw."

Chile and Argentina heard;
 The great hopes in their spirits stirred;
 The red swords from their clinched fists fell,
 And heaven shone out where once was hell!

They hurled their cannons into flame
 And out of the forge the strong Christ came,
 'Twas thus they molded in happy fire
 The tall Christ of their heart's desire.

* * * *

O Christ of Olivet, you hushed the wars
 Under the far Andean stars:
 Lift now your strong nail-wounded hands
 Over all peoples, over all lands—
 Stretch out those comrade hands to be
 A shelter over land and sea!

A CROSS IN FLANDERS.

[G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON.]

In the face of death, they say, he joked—he had no fear:
 His comrades, when they laid him in a Flanders grave,
 Wrote on a rough-hewn cross—a Calvary stood near—

"Without a fear he gave

"His life, cheering his men, with laughter on his lips."

So wrote they, mourning him. Yet was there only one

Who fully understood his laughter, his gay quips,

One only, she alone—

She who, not so long since, when love was new-confessed,

Herself toyed with light laughter while her eyes were dim,

And jested, while with reverence despite her jest

She worshipped God and him.

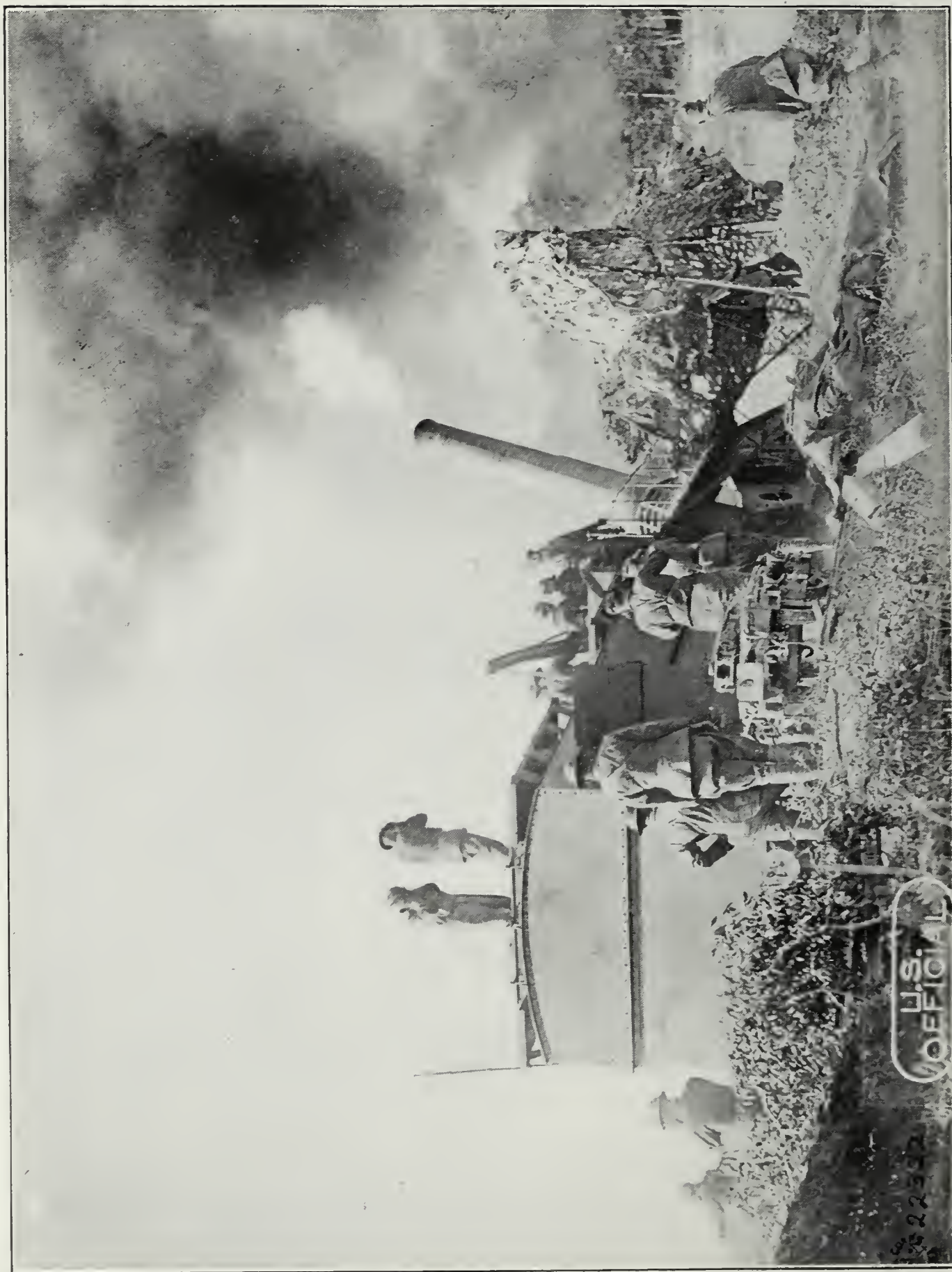
She knew—O Love, O Death!—his soul had been at grips

With the most solemn things. For *she*, was *she* not dear?

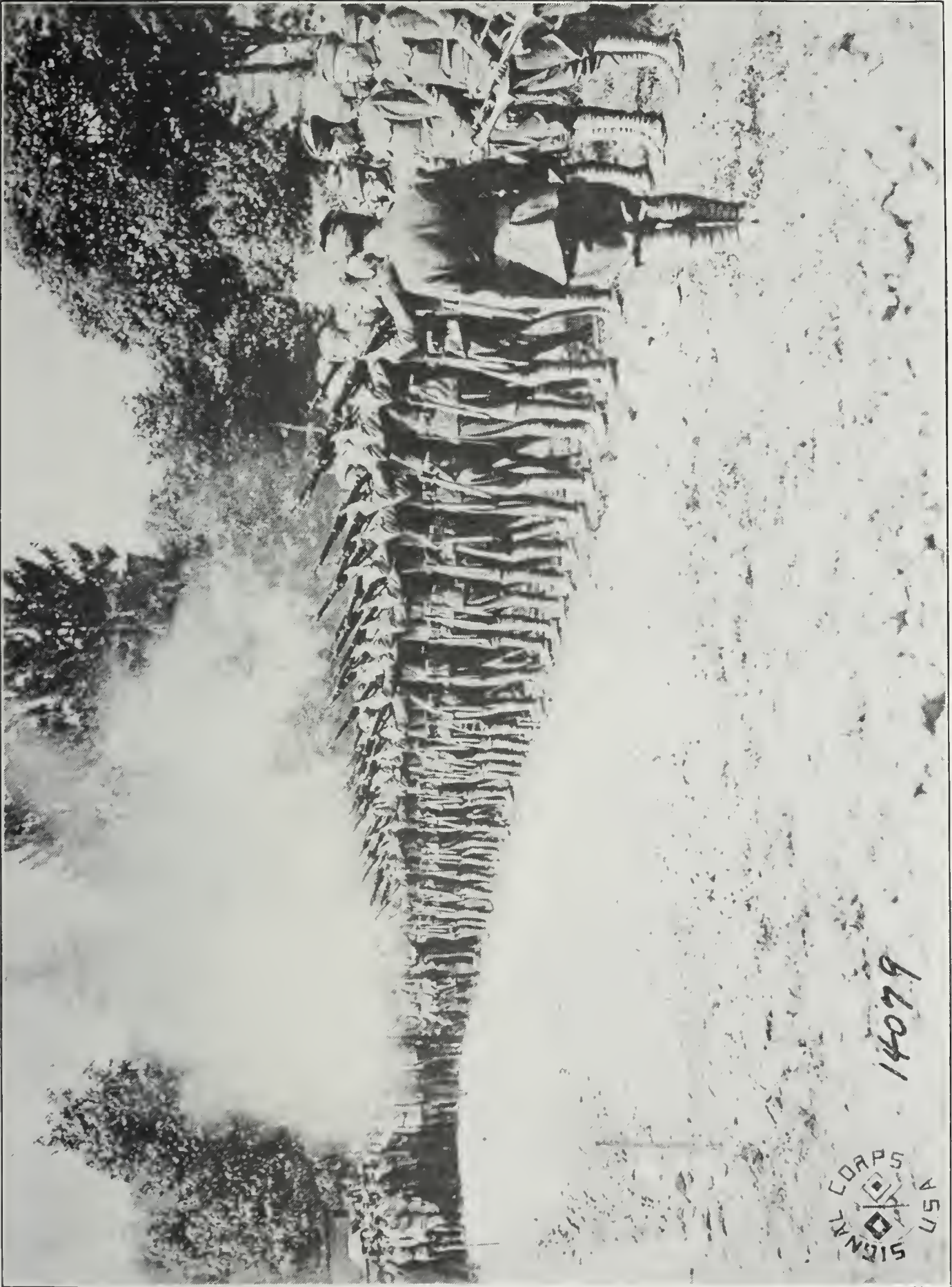
Yes, he was brave, most brave, with laughter on his lips,

The braver for his fear!

—*The Athenaeum*.



"Fire!" Pounding the German lines opposite Baleycourt Woods, near Nixeville, Department of the Meuse, with French 340-m. guns manned by Yankee coast artillerymen of the 35th Coast Artillery 80th Division. This gun hit two German army corps headquarters 30 kilometers distant. (September 26, 1918.)



“The Last Tribute.” Marines firing a salute over the graves of fallen American soldiers at a cemetery in Chaumont. (May 30, 1918.)

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SIGNAL CORPS
USA

14079

STARS OF GOLD.

[FRANK A. GILBREATH]

So long as days
 Shall come and go,
 So long as years unfold,
 So long your luster e'er will glow,
 O! Stars of glorious gold.

Gold stars that gleam
 For loved ones slain
 On bloody fields of France,
 Where 'neath the dew and falling rain
 They sleep the long, long trance.

O! Stars of Gold
 We breathe a prayer
 For all who sleep so still,
 Whose graves are scattered ev'rywhere
 On distant plain and hill.

Yea, Stars of Grief
 That once you were,
 When first the news came home,
 And burning tears did vision blur
 For those who ne'er would come—

Now, Stars of Pride
 You've grown to be,
 Since told their noble end
 And sacrifice beyond the sea,
 When blue to gold did blend.

For, Glory Stars
 You e'er will be,
 As through the years is told
 The price they paid for Liberty
 That turned your blue to gold.

The Stars on High
 That light the night,
 Remind us, too, of them,
 Who died for Justice and the Right,
 As He of Bethlehem.

O! Stars of Gold
 How dear your sting
 To proudly aching hearts,
 The golden rays of Hope you bring
 Will guide till Life departs.



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"Action Front." A Yankee battery of 155-mm. guns in an advanced position near Floysey; 1st Division.

LIEUTENANT COL. OTIS B. DUNCAN.

NOTE.—Col. Duncan's grandfather, Florville, who came with Lincoln from Salem to Springfield was a direct descendant from those French slaves brought from Santa Domingo by Rennault to St. Phillip in the Territory of Illinois in 1721. He has been connected with the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for twenty-five years.

His forebears, bound as slaves, the Frenchman brought
From iles beneath the south seas' sun,
Where strong black legs on God's great anvil wrought
Were free to stand or free to run.

But here the proud untutored head must bow,
The unshod feet the mill must tread,
Each day like their mute friends, the horse and cow,
By whip or halter driv'n or lead.

In Illinois, the vast, the wild, the free,
Where red men wrote their law in blood,
These black men gave their lives, their liberty,
For white man's guard, for white man's good.

How much in slav'ry's brutal training school
They gained of strength, how much they lost
Of self-respect, of power to will and rule,
'Twere vain to ask or count the cost.

Enough to know that from that past arose
A race of brave, reliant men,
Who dared to fight 'gainst freedom's foes,
And win a freeman's diadem.

And here with pride we've come to honor one
Who, sprung from elder Frenchman's slave,
'Crossed seas to join with younger Frenchman's son,
That Frenchman's land and home to save.

No grudge 'gainst ancient wrong restrained his arms
As o'er hell's rim his "devils black"
He lead, till straight through death's alarms
He drove the foes of freedom back.

And planted far beyond the Frenchman's line
Old glory's stripes, old glory's stars
To wave the news to Huns across the Rhine
That black is white in freedom's wars;

And, waving o'er the dying and the dead,
Proclaimed to men the wide world round
"All blood of freemen black or white runs red
When spilled on freedom's battle ground."

—Written in Chicago on Tuesday, February 25, 1919, to be read at
Col. Duncan's reception in Springfield. F. G. Blair.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL OTIS B. DUNCAN.

"Duncan's Battalion took Logny, and, carried away by their ardor, could not be stopped short of Gue d' Hossus, on November 11th, after the armistice."
—General Vincendon, Commanding the Fifty-ninth Division.
(Signed) VINCENDON.



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A Yankee sniper, stationed in an American sector of Alsace, on soil that before
1914 was in German possession.



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In the hottest of the fighting, early morning of the first day of the assault of General Pershing's forces upon the salient of St. Mihiel ; two Americans with French automatic rifles pumping lead into the German lines.

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS.

[LORD CREWE.]

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
 One of a hundred grains untimely sown;
 Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
 He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
 School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
 Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
 And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
 Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
 Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
 His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
 From life's alembic, through his holier fate,
 The man's essential soul, the hero will?
 We ask; and wait.

—*The Harrovian.*

THE ANXIOUS DEAD.

[COL. JOHN McCRAE.]

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
 Above their heads the legions pressing on!
 (These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
 And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
 The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar!
 Then let your mighty chorus witness be
 To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call;
 That we have sworn and will not run aside;
 That we will onward till we win or fall;
 That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
 They shall feel earth enwrap in silence deep—
 Shall greet in wonderment the quiet dawn.
 And in content may turn them to their sleep.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

[By HENRY WATERSON]

(From an Address delivered at the National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., Decoration Day, 1877.)

We are assembled, my countrymen, to commemorate the patriotism and valor of the brave men who died to save the Union. The season brings its tribute to the scene; pays its homage to the dead; inspires the living. There are images of tranquillity all about us; in the calm sunshine upon the ridges; in the tender shadows that creep along the streams; in the waving grass and grain that mark God's love and bounty; in the flowers that bloom over the many, many graves. There is peace everywhere in this land today.

“Peace on the open seas,
In all our sheltered bays and ample streams,
Peace where'er our starry banner gleams,
And peace in every breeze.”

The war is over. It is for us to bury its passions with its dead; to bury them beneath a monument raised by the American people to American manhood and the American system, in order that “the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

The Union is indeed restored, when the hands that pulled that flag down come willingly and lovingly to put it up again. I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me—my flag and your flag—the flag of the Union—the flag of the free heart's hope and home—the star-spangled banner of our fathers—the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, destined by the God of the universe to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind, emblem of the power on earth which is to exceed that on which it was said the sun never went down.

The hundreds of thousands who fell on both sides did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which made for us a garden of swords, sowing the land broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and for the ages, a nation truly divine; a nation of freedom and of free men; where tolerance shall walk hand in hand with religion, while civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.

CHRIST IN FLANDERS.

[L. W. in *The Spectator*.]

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—
 You did not seem to touch us very nearly—
 Of course we thought about You now and then;
 Especially in any time of trouble—
 We knew that You were good in time of trouble—
 But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
 There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
 His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
 And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
 Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—
 Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

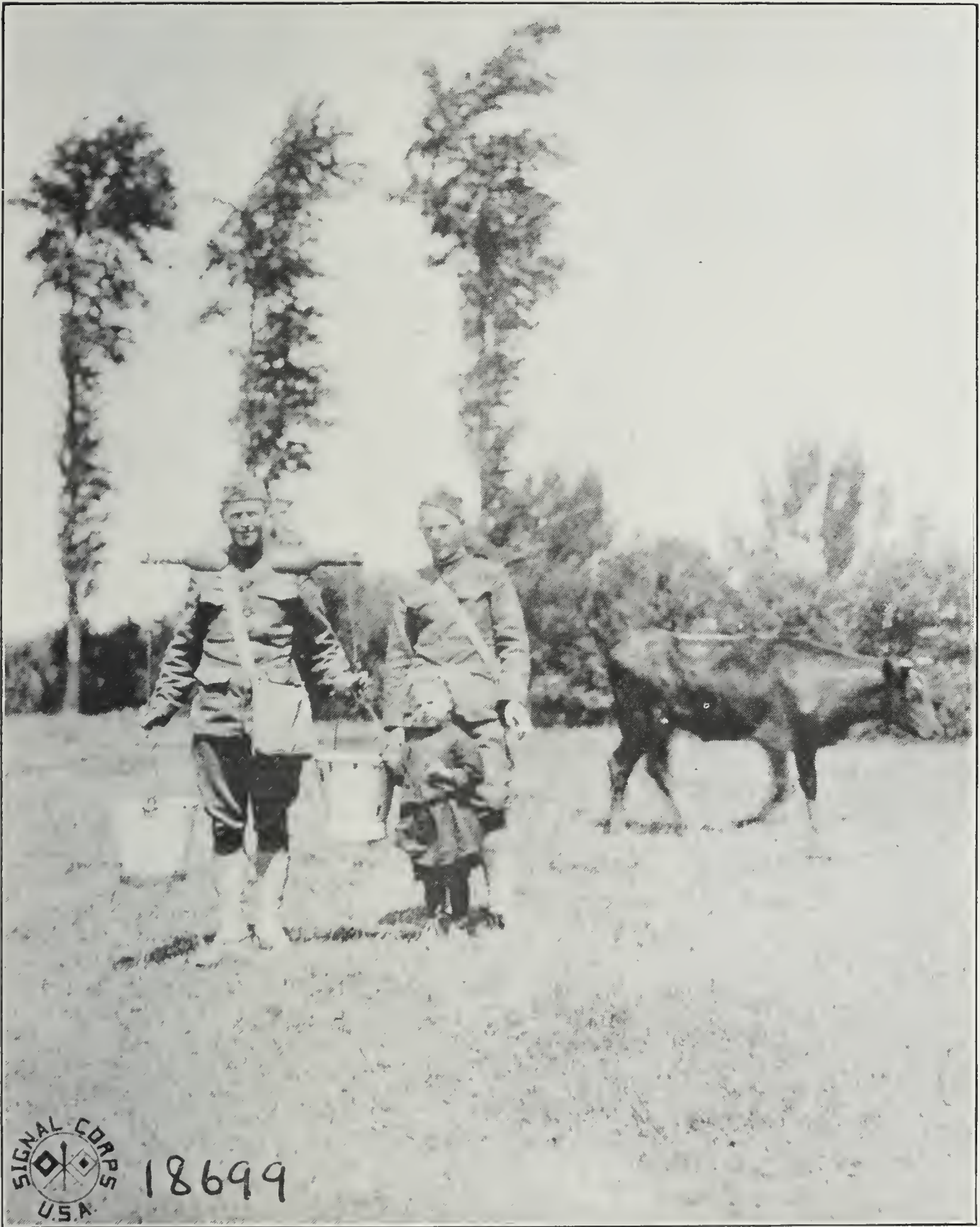
And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
 In country lane, in city street, or byway—
 You walked among us, and we did not see.
 Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—
 How *did* we miss Your footprints on our pavements?
 Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember; over here in Flanders—
 (It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—
 This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
 We never thought about You much in England—
 But now that we are far away from England
 We have no doubts; we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
 Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
 You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
 You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
 We're glad to think You understand our weakness—
 Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—
 Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—
 We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
 If anything could make us glad to bear it—
 'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—
 Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot you—You will not forget us—
 We feel so sure that You will not forget us—
 But stay with us until this dream is past.
 And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—
 Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
 And that You'll stand beside us to the last.



"The Helping Hand." American soldiers of the 119th Regiment, Infantry, 30th Division, assisting Belgian country folk in their daily chores at Watou Area, Belgium. (July 8, 1918.)

MY SERVICE PIN.

[By MARY PUTNAM HART.]

I wear a little service pin
 With double stars of blue;
 It rests by day,
 It rests by night,
 Upon my heart, and holds it tight
 And pins it through and through—
 My precious little service pin
 With double stars of blue.

I read of battles nobly won,
 Of flags unfurled to view;
 'Twixt hope and fears,
 'Twixt pride and tears,
 My soul is torn in two.
 I clasp my little service pin
 With double stars of blue.

And then I read how men have died—
 Right valiant men and true—
 I bow my head
 Before the dead—
 Those stars of golden hue.
 "Still keep, O God, my service pin
 With double stars of blue!"

AFTER-DAYS.

[ERIC CHILMAN.]

When the last gun has long withheld
 Its thunder, and its mouth is sealed
 Strong men shall drive the furrow straight
 On some remembered battle-field.

Untroubled they shall hear the loud
 And gusty driving of the rains,
 And birds with immemorial voice
 Sing as of old in leafy lanes.

The stricken, tainted soil shall be
 Again a flowery paradise—
 Pure with the memory of the dead
 And purer for their sacrifice.

—*The Poetry Review.*



"The Ruins of their Home." French children viewing the devastation at Vaux, where they formerly lived; a snap shot taken from the rear of the building used by the American Red Cross as headquarters for reconstruction work. (August 24, 1918.)



French visitors at Lincoln's Tomb—Gen. Joseph Jacques Cesaïre Joffre, Field
Marshall of the French army in middle of front line.

SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP.

[CHARLES J. NORTH.]

Sleep, soldier, sleep. Thy work is done.
 Sleep where thy duty found thee—
 Just where the line was thinning down,
 When Glory caught and crowned thee.

Rest, soldier, rest. The crown is thine—
 The crown of thorns and glory.
 Bright angels lift thy bruised life,
 And wave their palms before thee.
 Dream, soldier, dream. Thy voice rings out,
 And comrades swell the chorus.
 Dream that thy hand still waves the Flag;
 Thy spirit flames before us.

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.

[By WILBUR D. NESBIT.]

Your Flag and my Flag!
 And how it flies today
 In your land and my land
 And half the world away!
 Rose-red and blood-red
 The stripes forever gleam;
 The snow-white and soul-white—
 The good forefather's dream;
 Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright—
 The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.
 Your Flag and my Flag!
 And, oh, how much it holds—
 Your land and my land
 Secure within its folds!
 Your heart and my heart
 Beat quicker at the sight;
 Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
 Red and blue and white.
 The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you—
 Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!
 Your Flag and my Flag!
 To every star and stripe
 The drums beat as hearts beat
 And fifers shrilly pipe!
 Your Flag and my Flag—
 A blessing in the sky;
 Your hope and my hope—
 It never hit a lie!
 Home land and far land and half the world around,
 Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!



King George in the presence of General Pershing decorates private Harry Shelly for gallantry in action in the advance from Hamel, July 4, 1918, Molliens-au-Bois.

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One Hundred Thirty-first Infantry—Old Illinois National Guard.

KNIT, MOTHER, KNIT.

[CHARLES J. NORTH.]

A peaceful valley in the West,
 The evening shadows flitting,
 A trembling heart, a glistening tear,
 A lonely mother knitting.

Knit, mother, knit. The cross is thine—
 The cross that mothers borrow;
 For all must knit and some must mourn,
 While war brings need and sorrow.

Dream, mother, dream. The night is here.
 Dream that its shadows borrow
 A radiance from the great beyond,
 To light a blest tomorrow.

DEVON MEN.

From Bideford to Appledore the meadows lie aglow
 With kingcup and buttercup that flout the summer snow;
 And crooked-back and silver-head shall mow the grass today,
 And lasses turn and toss it till it ripen into hay;
 For gone are all the carless youth did reap the land of yore,
 The lithe men and long men,
 The brown men and strong men,
 The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore they swept the sea of old
 With cross-bow and falconet to tap the Spaniard's gold;
 They sped away with dauntless Drake to traffic on the Main,
 To trick the drowsy galleon and loot the treasure train;
 For fearless were the gallant hands that pulled the sweeping
 oar,
 The strong men, the free men,
 The bold men, the seamen,
 The men that sailed from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore in craft of subtle gray
 Are strong hearts and steady hearts to keep the sea today;
 So well may fare the garden where the cider-apples bloom
 And Summer weaves her color-threads upon a golden loom;
 For ready are the tawny hands that guard the Devon shore,
 The cool men, the bluff men,
 The keen men, the tough men,
 The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore!

—Punch.

OUR SERVICE FLAG.

[By ARTHUR M. CORWIN.]

With field of white, with stars of blue,
 With binding band of ruddy hue,
 Fair emblem of a nation's pride,
 "Old Glory's" symbols sanctified,
 Our loyalty that shall not lag
 We pledge to thee, our Service Flag.

From windows of the rich and poor,
 Thy spirit streaming warm and pure,
 The spirit of great Washington,
 Speaks through a thousand stars or one
 Of loyalty that shall not lag,—
 Our pledge to thee, oh Service Flag.

Enmeshed within thy field of white,
 The righteous cause for which we fight,
 Of justice, honor, liberty,
 The whole world round o'er land and sea;
 The loyalty that shall not lag
 We pledge to thee, our Service Flag.

Thy stars! The blue of cloudless skies,
 The blue of love, of sacrifice,
 Of love for country, home and friend,
 That soldier-sailor boys defend
 With loyalty that shall not lag,
 The "true blues" of our Service Flag.

Red runs the border of thy scroll,
 The flaming passion of the soul,
 The will, the courage and the might
 Of those who live and die for right,
 The loyalty that shall not lag
 To back thy boys, oh Service Flag.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

[THEODORE O'HARA.]

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.

On fame's eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with solemn round
 The bivouac of the dead.



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FRENCH AND AMERICANS ADVANCE TO GRENADE ATTACK.
Frenchmen and Americans are advancing across No Man's Land somewhere on the front in France. They are moving cautiously ready to use the grenades they are carrying in the sacks slung over their shoulders.



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U. S. Marines wearing gas masks in trenches in France. These Marines are all ready to drive the invading Germans back from the soil of France. They are equipped with all the latest things in gas masks and steel helmets so that they will have every opportunity of beating the Teutons at their own game of war.

TO A SKYLARK BEHIND OUR TRENCHES.

[E. DE S. in *The Times*.]

Thou little voice! Thou happy sprite,
 How didst thou gain the air and light—
 That sing'st so merrily?
 How could such little wings
 Give thee thy freedom from these dense
 And fetid tombs—these burrows whence
 We peer like frightened things?
 In the free sky
 Thou sail'st while here we crawl and creep
 And fight and sleep
 And die.

How canst thou sing while Nature lies
 Bleeding and torn beneath thine eyes,
 And the foul breath
 Of rank decay hangs like a shroud
 Over the fields the shell hath ploughed?
 How canst thou sing, so gay and glad,
 While all the heavens are filled with death
 And all the World is Mad?

Yet sing! For at thy song
 The tall trees stand up straight and strong
 And stretch their twisted arms,
 And smoke ascends from pleasant farms,
 And the shy flowers their odors give.
 Once more the riven pastures smile,
 And for a while
 We live.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

[WILLIAM COLLINS.]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ANY SOLDIER SON TO HIS MOTHER.

[N. G. H.]

If I am taken from this patchwork life
 By some swift outthrust of an unseen arm—
 The death that strikes my comrades day and night—
 I pray you make of it no cause of tears,
 I beg you grieve not for me overmuch.
 And for your comfort, I would pen this thought:
 The joy you had of me in childhood's days
 When in your arms I played or cried or prayed
 (Those soft, warm arms! Can you or I forget?)
 Will still remain with you when I am gone.
 It is so real now, that memory;
 Not death itself can rob you of your child.
 The boy I was, the man I grew to be,
 Despite the mother's tender hopes and fears,
 How distant, how detached and cold they seem.
 And so, sweet Mother, here I stand to meet
 My fate, this night and any night; but still
 Your child, imperishable whilst you breathe;
 As in the cradle, so until the end.

—*The Spectator.*

THE BROKEN SOLDIER.

[KATHERINE TYNAN.]

The broken soldier sings and whistles day to dark,
 He's but the remnant of a man, maimed and half-blind;
 But the soul they could not harm goes singing like the lark,
 Like the incarnate Joy that will not be confined.

The Lady at the Hall has given him a light task;
 He works in the gardens as busy as a bee;
 One hand is but a stump and his face a pitted mask—
 The gay soul goes singing like a bird set free.

Whistling and singing like a linnet on wings,
 The others stop to listen, leaning on the spade;
 Whole men and comely, they fret at little things,
 The soul of him's singing like a thrush in a glade.

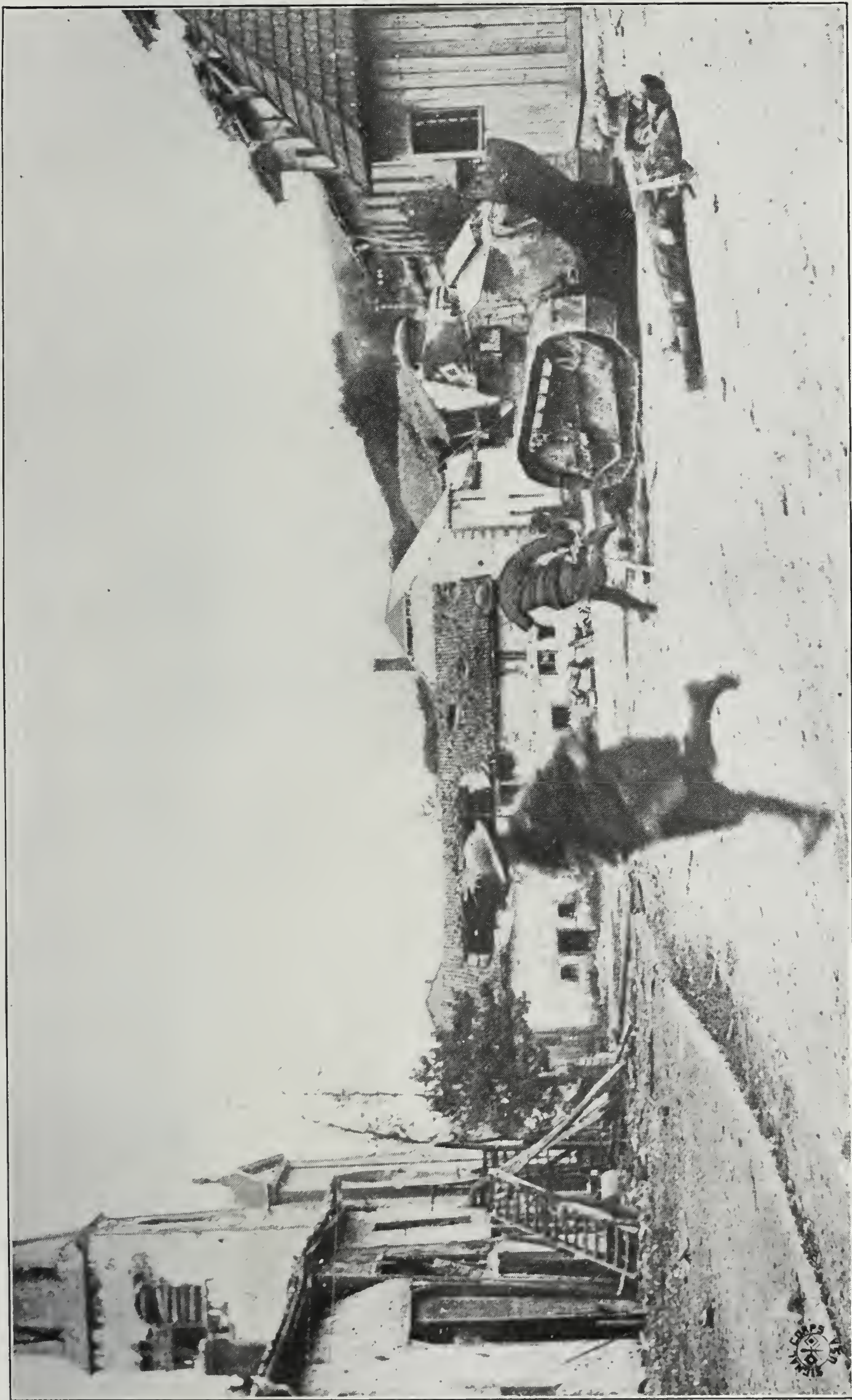
Hither and thither hopping, like robin on the grass,
 The soul in the broken man is beautiful and brave—
 And while he weeds the pansies and the bright hours pass
 The bird caught in the cage whistles in joyous stave.

—*The Westminster Gazette.*



SIGNAL CORPS
U.S.A.
14070

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"Crossing the German Frontier." The entry of the first American troops into German territory swinging past the border post of Alsace near Senthelm, May 29, 1918; Company A of the 125th Regiment, Infantry (formerly the 31st and 33d Regiments, Infantry, Mich. N. G.). (May 29, 1918.)



“Beating it to shelter.” Three American soldiers are shown here running for safety after a search had announced the coming of a German shell. This was an incident of the fighting in Exermont in the Argonne.

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THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREET.

[W. M. LETTS.]

There's a woman sobs her heart out,
With her head against the door,
For the man that's called to leave her,
God have pity on the poor!

But it's beat, drums, beat,
While the lads march down the street,
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
Keep your tears until they go.

There's a crowd of little children
That march along and shout,
For it's fine to play at soldiers
Now their fathers are called out.

So it's beat, drums, beat;
But who'll find them food to eat?
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
Oh, it's little children know.

There's a mother who stands watching
For the last look of her son,
A worn poor widow woman
And he her only one.

But it's beat, drums, beat,
Though God knows when we shall meet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
We must smile and cheer them so.

There's a young girl who stands laughing
For she thinks a war is grand,
And it's fine to see the lads pass
And it's fine to hear the band.

So it's beat, drums, beat,
To the fall of many feet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
God go with you where you go.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

AMERICA COMES IN.

We are coming from the ranch, from the city and the mine,
And the word has gone before us to the towns upon the Rhine;
As the rising of the tide
On the Old-World side,

We are coming to the battle, to the Line.

From the valleys of Virginia, from the Rockies in the North.
We are coming by battalions, for the word was carried forth;

"We have put the pen away
And the sword is out today,
For the Lord has loosed the Vintages of Wrath."

MOTHERHOOD'S CHANT.

[By McLANDBRUGH WILSON]

French or Russian, they matter not,
 German or English, as one begot,
 We bore them all and we bore them well,
 We went for them to the gates of hell,
 We are the makers of flesh and bone,
 We have one foe, one hate, alone—
 WAR!

He is known to you all, he has called to you all,
 He crouches behind each boundary wall.
 He rides on the waves of a crimson flood,
 He rides on the tides of our children's blood,
 He lies of glory and sacrifice
 Of honor and fame and pomp he lies—
 WAR!

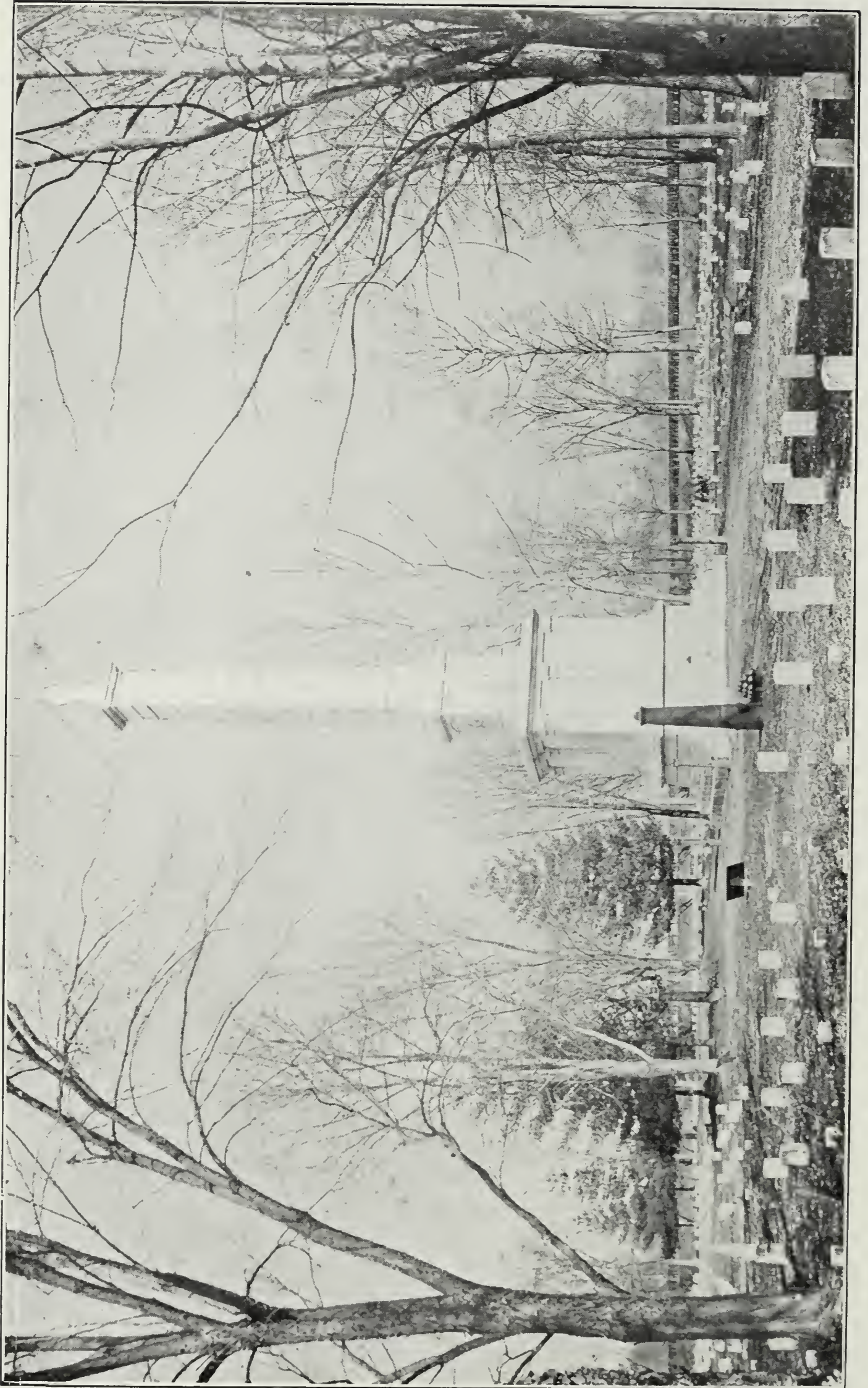
Come, let us stand in the Judgment Place
 And take an oath for the human race,
 An oath our daughters, and theirs, shall take,
 An oath no trumpet or drum can shake.
 We hate no sinner, we hate the sin,
 Not those who lose, not those who win,
 We, the makers of flesh and bone,
 We have one foe, one hate alone—
 WAR!

You take the folk of our pain to slay,
 That gold nor steel can ever repay,
 You shall we hate with a lasting hate,
 We will never forego our hate—
 Hate of the heart and hate of the womb,
 Hate of the cradle and hate of the tomb.
 And you shall answer and make reply
 For we are partners of God on high.
 What will you say before that Throne
 To us, the makers of flesh and bone,
 WAR?

THE DUBLIN NATION.

[MICHAEL J. BARRY.]

Whether on the scaffold high,
 Or in the battle's van,
 The noblest place for man to die,
 Is where he dies for man.



National Cemetery, Mound City, Illinois.

THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL CEMETERY, OR GARDEN OF THE DEAD.

There are 83 National Cemeteries and in these cemeteries are buried 365,500 of our noble dead. Of that number, 155,250 are marked "unknown". The work of assembling this vast number of those who died on battle fields or from other causes was begun in 1866. Most cemeteries are near some great battlefield; Gettysburg, as an example, being the most beautiful of them all. On General Custer battlefield on the Little Big Horn river, in Montana, more than 1450 are buried. All the graves in the 83 national cemeteries have a marble headstone, and if the deceased soldier is known, his name, rank, company, regiment or battleship, and the date of death are on the marker—others show only the sad word "Unknown". Arlington Cemetery, Virginia, is the best known and visited most, on account of its nearness to Washington, D. C. The inscription on the monument reads, "Beneath this stone repose the remains of twenty-one hundred and eleven soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the Route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and deeds are recorded in the archives of their country and its grateful citizens honor them as their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace. Sept., A. D. 1866."

The oldest national cemetery is in the City of Mexico, established in 1850. Besides soldiers, American citizens who have died in the city can be buried there. The number in cemeteries ranges from about 30,000 at Arlington to a few hundred in others. Jefferson Barracks cemetery, a few miles south of St. Louis, is no doubt, on account of its surroundings, one of the most picturesque in the United States, being about three hundred feet above the Mississippi river. About 15,000 sleep there.

A few of the more prominent cemeteries are: Andersonville Prison, 13,722 graves, with the names all known excepting 930; Nashville. Shiloh, Chattanooga, Murfreesboro, Seven Pines. In fact, the United States also has cemeteries in many of the Northern States. The largest in Illinois is in Mound City, near Cairo. It has 3,095 known and 226 unknown; the other, Camp Butler, near Springfield, contains 734 Federal soldiers.

Very much could be said of the United States' care of the living soldiers, and volumes could be written as to how grateful we are as a Nation, in bringing the remains of all deceased soldiers from foreign wars to be interred in this country.

E. R. LEWIS, *Co. F, 8th Ill. Cavalry.*

“LAFAYETTE, WE'RE HERE!”

You heard our new-born freedom cry, you heard our struggling
patriot's sigh,
You vowed with them to do or die; so now beside your honored bier,
Lafayette, we're here!

The winds were rude, the seas were wide, for us and ours you all
defied,
For Freedom's star was e'er your guide, beloved Warrior, Patriot,
Seer,
Lafayette, we're here!

A hundred million patriot men, as strong, as true, as brave as then,
At France's side will fight again, and now, by all we hold most dear,
Lafayette, we're here!

Oh, bleeding France! Oh, white-souled France! Aroused at length
as from a trance,
Washington's sword, with Joan's lance, will bring the victory, do not
fear.
Lafayette, we're here!

See here—Our flag for which men died. See here—Our nation,
Freedom's pride,
See here—Our God who still is guide. Hail, Year of Jubilee, appear!
Lafayette, we're here!



Lieutenant Shipley's Bible.

REPORTED MISSING.

[A. G. KEOWN.]

My thought shall never be that you are dead:
 Who laughed so lately in this quiet place.
 The dear and deep-eyed humor of that face
 Held something ever living, in Death's stead.
 Scornful I hear the flat things they have said
 And all their piteous platitudes of pain.
 I laugh! I laugh! For you will come again—
 This heart would never beat if you were dead.
 The world's adrowse, twilight hushfulness,
 There's purple lilac in your little room,
 And somewhere out beyond the evening gloom
 Small boys are calling summer watercress.
 Of these familiar things I have no dread
 Being so very sure you are not dead.

—*The Poetry Review.*

LIEUT. WILLIAM SHIPLEY.

Lieut. William Shipley was born in Germany November 2, 1839. Came to America in 1845, and was bound to me on the 22nd day of August of the same year, as a domestic servant. He had but one single garment on, a shirt, when I took him.

At the age of 17 I put him to learn the trade of a carpenter, having previously given him a good education. He worked at the carpenter's business for several years, but continued to be a member of my family. He was a young man of unusually good sense, fine intelligence, much refinement of feeling, high sense of honor, pure life, and exemplary piety, being a member of the Presbyterian church, and lived as a member of my family in the most intimate relation of friendship.

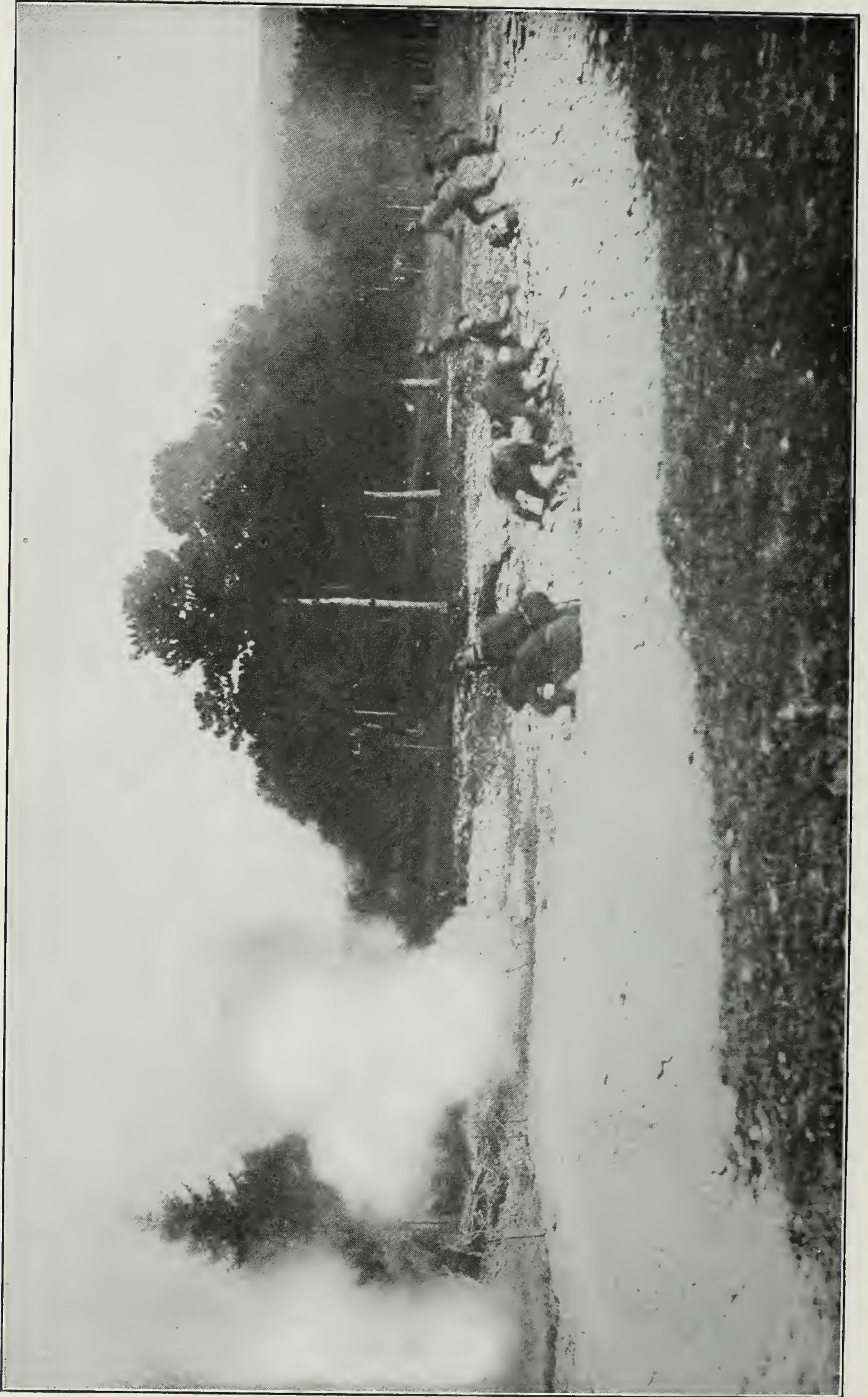
He was first lieutenant in Company A, 27th Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, and fell mortally wounded in the battle of Belmont at 4:00 P. M., November 7, 1861, and lay upon the battlefield until 10:00 A. M. the next day. His body was removed under a flag of truce, and he died in the hands of his friends about sundown of the same day, November 8, 1861, aged 22 years and 6 days.

The Testament, shown on the opposite page, was in the breast pocket of his coat, and saved his life early in the action. When found on the field this was all that remained with him. The enemy had robbed him of his sword, pistols, watch and pocketbook. He sacrificed his life protecting the rear of his regiment when hard pressed in retreat, having acted with great gallantry through the day, and refusing to quit his post while danger threatened.

His body was brought to my house in Quincy, Illinois, and buried with military and civic honors November 13, 1861, an immense concourse of people attending his funeral. (Signed) D. H. BROWNING. Quincy, Ill., November 14, 1861.

The above with the little Testament was presented to Memorial Hall by N. B. Robertson, Berlin, Illinois, September 24, 1914.

They are placed near the Regimental flag.

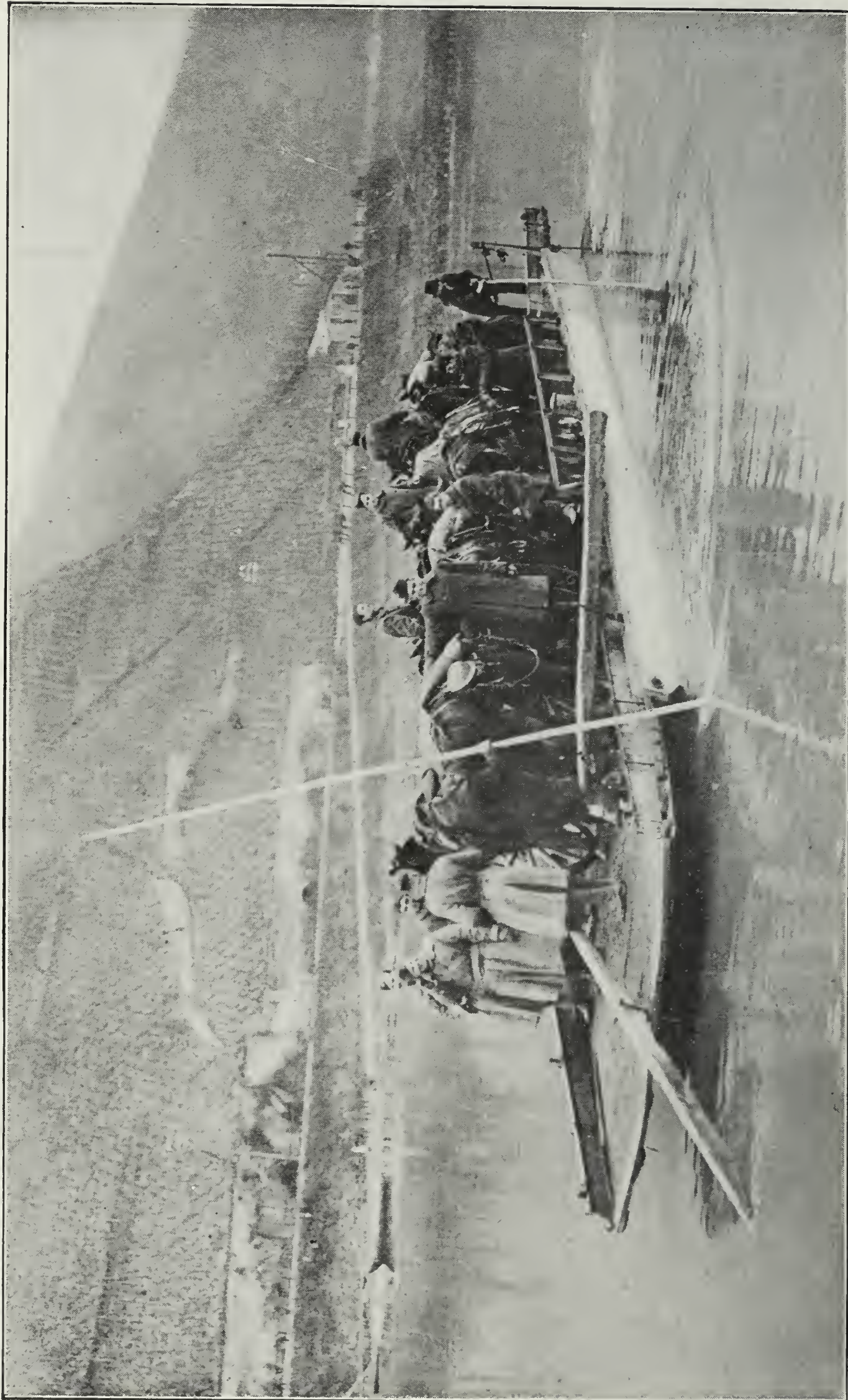


U. S. Army in Europe.



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"Firing in the Meuse Valley." Doughboys in the front line trench at Forges, Meuse, taking advantage of the camouflage left by the routed Germans, who took up their positions about 1,200 yards from this point; 132d Regiment, Infantry, 33d Division (formerly the 2d and 7th Regiments, Infantry, Ill. N. G.). (October 3, 1918.)

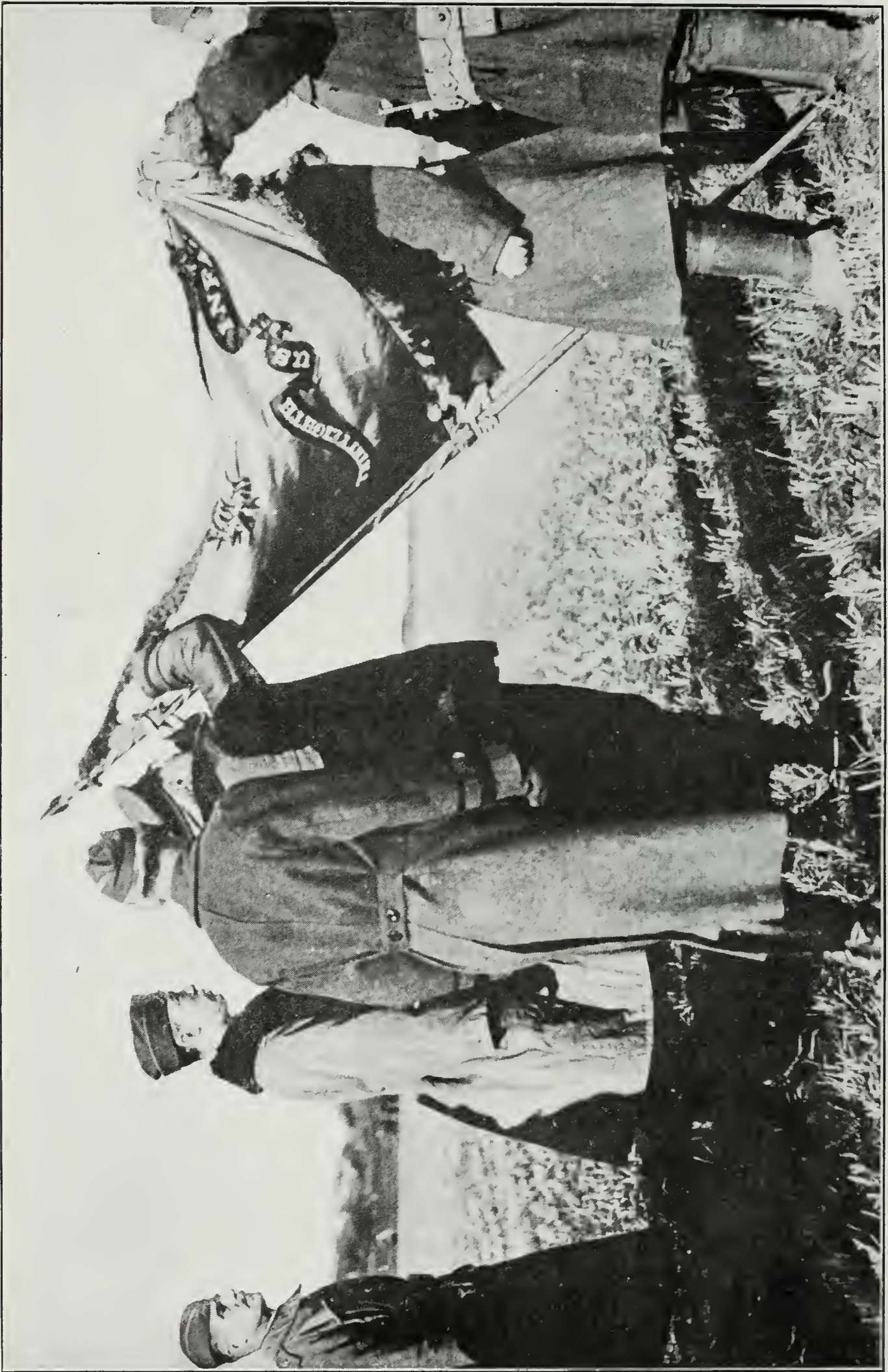


American Field Artillery ferrying the Moselle River at Ruine Beilstein, in the course of their march at Coblenz and the Rhine. The hillside in the background is a big vineyard. (Battery F, 7th F. A., 1st Div., December 8, 1918).



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Gun Grenaders.



“Decorating the Colors.” Major General J. T. Dickman, commanding the American Army of Occupation in Germany, confers the Croix de Guerre upon the colors of the 38th Regiment, Infantry, 3d Division, at Neidermendig, Germany, for distinguished gallantry in action at the Marne.

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OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY.

[COL. STEPHEN O. TRIPP.]

Officers of the United States Army, in force now, consist of the following:

The Commander in Chief of the United States Army and Navy,
the President of the United States.

Secretary of War.

First Assistant Secretary of War.

Second Assistant Secretary of War.

Third Assistant Secretary of War.

Two Generals.

Two Lieutenant Generals.

Six Major Generals.

Thirty-five Brigadier Generals.

Colonels.

Lieutenant Colonels.

Majors.

Captains.

First Lieutenants.

Second Lieutenants.

The number of field officers, beginning with colonel, and line officers vary in number according to the size of the army, while the number of the general officers, above mentioned, are continuous regardless of the size of the army, and additional general officers are commissioned temporarily for the increased army according to the demands of the service.

The President of the United States is the Commander and Chief of the United States Navy.

Cabinet Officers.

The Secretary of the Navy.

Assistant Secretary of Navy.

Admiral of Navy.

Admiral.

Vice Admiral.

Rear Admiral.

Captain.

Commander.

Lieutenant Commander.

Lieutenant.

Lieutenant (Junior Grade).

Ensign.

U. S. Marine Corps.

Major General.

Brigadier General.

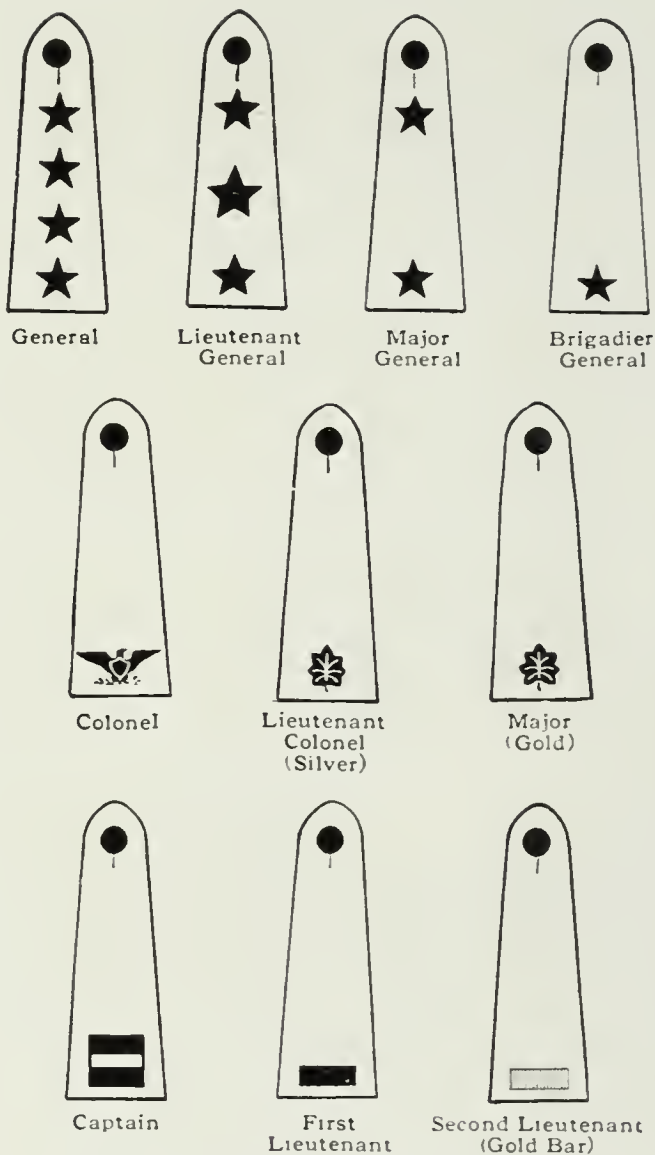
Colonel.

Lieutenant Colonel.

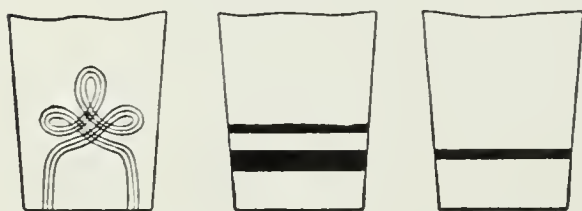
Captain.

First Lieutenant.

Second Lieutenant.



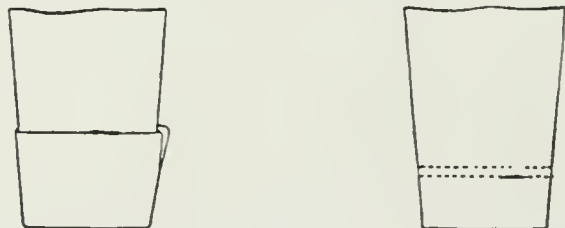
OFFICER'S SHOULDER STRAP
INSIGNIA, ARMY



5 rows: Colonel
4 " Lt
3 " Major
2 " Capt

1 row 1st Lt. and 1 row brown 2nd Lt

OFFICER'S OVERCOAT AND SERVICE COAT SLEEVE

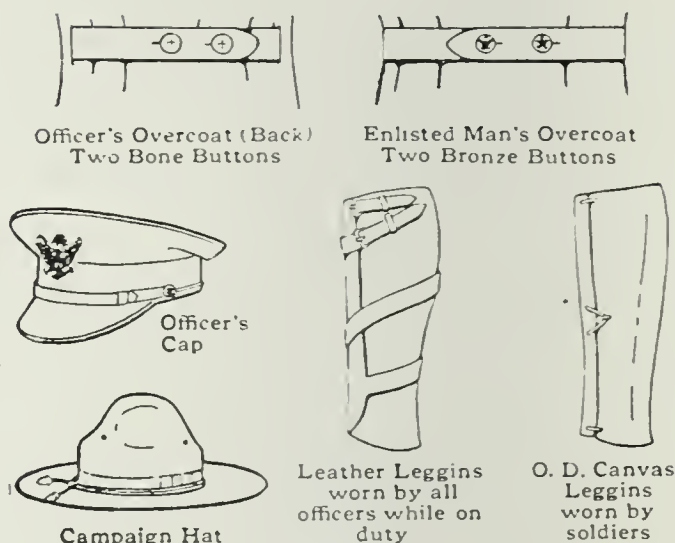


SOLDIER'S OVERCOAT AND SERVICE COAT SLEEVE

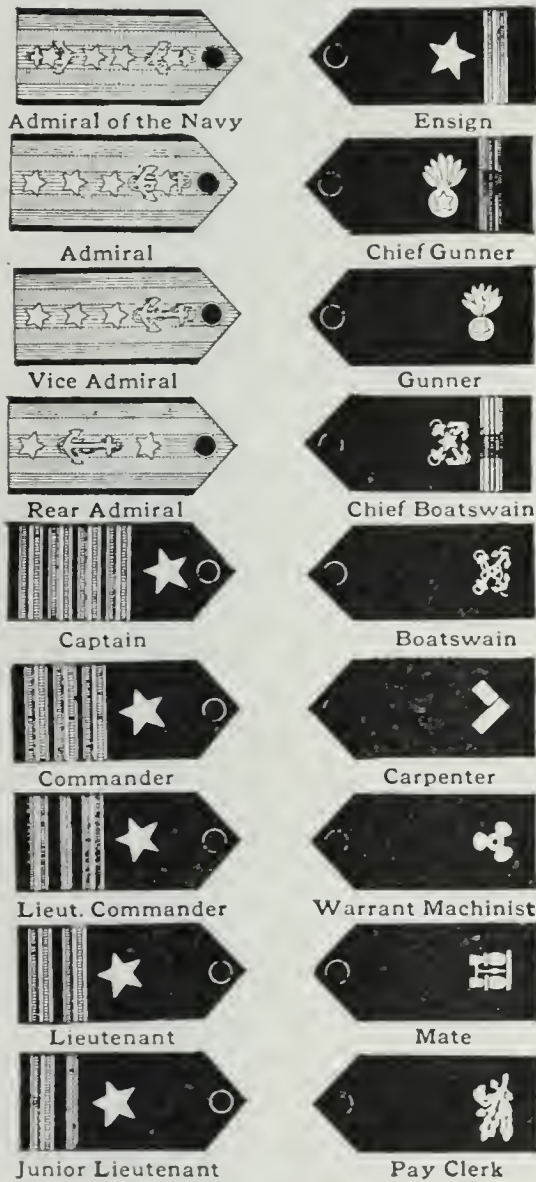


SPECIALTY MARKS
WORN ON SLEEVE

ARMY



ARMY



WORN ONLY ON WHITE UNIFORMS AND OVERCOATS
SHOULDER MARKS, NAVY



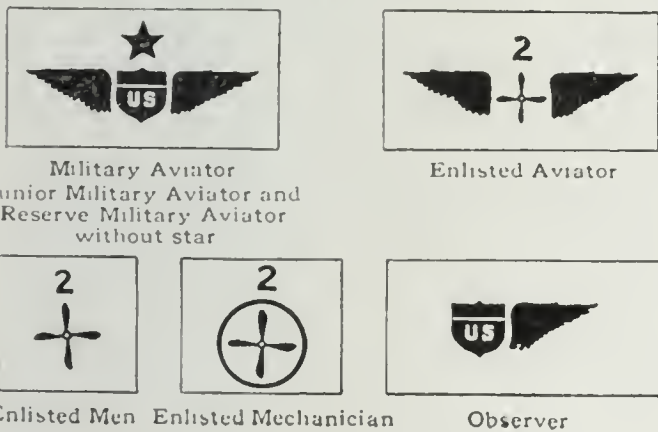
INSIGNIA OF RANK ON SLEEVE
WORN ONLY ON BLUE COATS
NAVY

AVIATION SECTION, ARMY

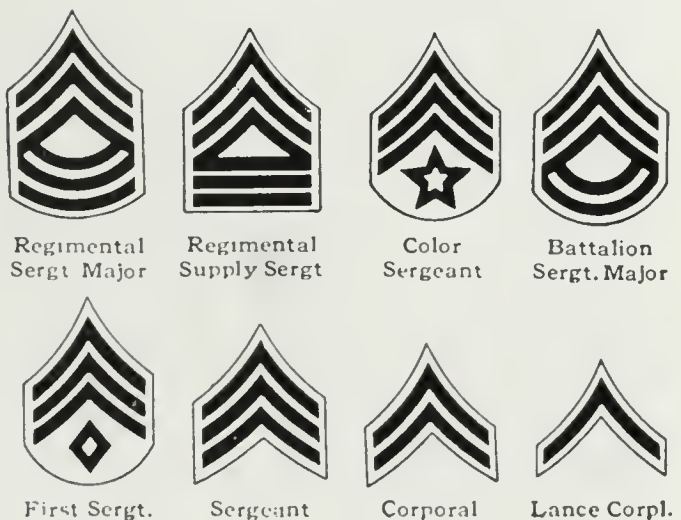
Military Aviators and Observers wear U. S. and crossed flags of Signal Corps on collar.

Enlisted men wear regular Signal Corps buttons on collar

The Insignia of Military Aviators and Observers are embroidered in silver thread with gold U. S. and worn on left breast. Enlisted men on sleeve



CHEVRONS, ARMY





Italian visitors at Lincoln's Tomb—From left to right: John Picco, Italian Consul; Maj. Gen. Emilio Guglielmotti, Italian Regular Army; Hon. James M. Graham; Col. Stephen O. Tripp; Sam Bonansinga; Caesare Sansone, Asst. Italian Consul.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT.

[From *The Congo and Other Poems*, by VACHEL LINDSAY.]

(Published by The McMillan Company.)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards,
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl,
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us: As in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep:
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come; the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Worker's earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

THE CREED OF THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

Once more to be useful—to see pity in the eyes of my friends replaced with commendation—to work, produce, provide, and to feel that I have a place in the world—seeking no favors and given none—a MAN among MEN in spite of this physical handicap.



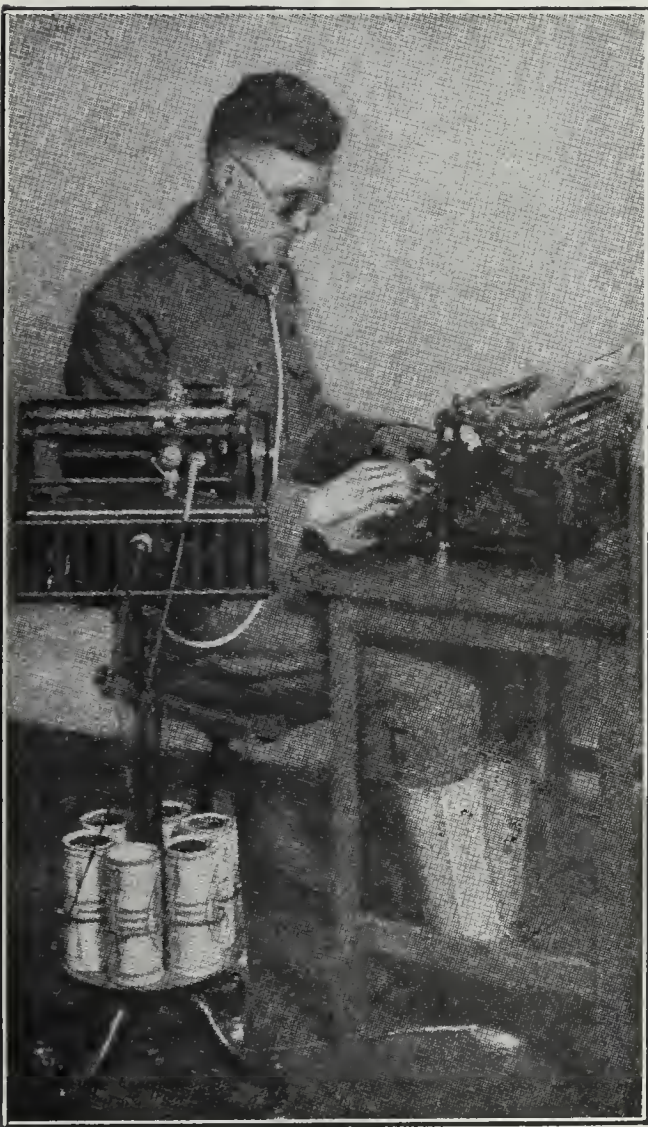
Telephoning and routine desk work present no difficulties.

Solving a knotty problem.

The following implements each of which has a fitting that is an exact duplicate of the butt ends of the hooks. These hooks and the implements fasten into the wrist plates of the artificial arms with a spring catch, so either or both hooks can be released and the other implements inserted at will. The implements are: Knife, fork and spoon for eating, hair brushes, tooth brush, whisk-broom and hat brush, blacking brush for shoes, Gillette razor and lather brush, tooth-pick, fountain pen, match-holder, telephone-holder.

THE REHABILITATION OF CRIPPLED SOLDIERS.

While it is impossible to make a crippled soldier "as good as new," it is possible to so supply him with artificial limbs and so to train him that his life will be happier and more independent than it would be without such training. A number of pictures showing how this work is being done are here presented.



Typewriting is taught to all blind soldiers. By use of the dictaphone some become expert office men.



Many soldiers must spend weeks and months in the hospitals awaiting the healing of their wounds. "Keeping busy" influences greatly the rapidity of recovery. Business courses are very popular. Many a future executive will trace his start to these convalescent days.



Off for a ride through the neighboring city. All is not pills and work. The disabled men are furnished many and varied forms of entertainment by the American Red Cross and other organizations.



From the man denied the privilege of going to school in his youth to the one whose college studies were interrupted by the war, academic courses are offered in every hospital. Lessons in left-hand penmanship are necessary for many.



The Arch of Victory and Peace